

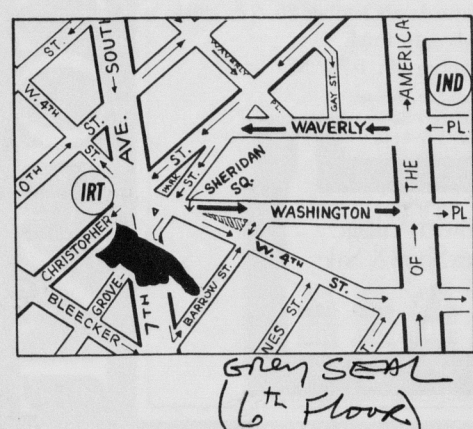
very lofty aims. Practically everyone I know spends most of their proverbial three score years and ten, in seeking to acquire either property, a power or reputation. RTP and family and the Subermak family, ^{for example} are obsessed with acquiring material goods and increasing their physical comfort. My passion for acquiring material goods and providing physical comfort is very much a part of job's make-up and environment. I devote a fair amount of ^{working} everyday time to trying to make JVB, in particular, that there is more to life -- a great deal more to life -- than simply having everything that one wants and being as comfortable as possible. I'm sure that I must be regarded as a grand enigma (even though they don't know &/or understand the word) by the likes of RTP and family and the Subermak family. Practically everything that they hold to be sacred, I hold to be of no value; practically everything that I hold to be sacred, similarly, they hold to be of no value. Being a substitute teacher, of course, means that you work when you want to, and so one need not work daily. One of the curious side benefits to being a substitute teacher is that one comes into contact with a great deal of adolescent energy. It's famine or feast. To live at Elkdale and I do much of the time means that I live in a world in which I am, ^{the} sole human most of the time. No stimuli that affect me in the course of a day, in other words, are not, for the most part, human being ^{directly} related; and I move, suddenly, from my Elkdale world into the world of large urban high schools and suddenly I am bombarded by human being directly-related stimuli. The contrast is striking and dramatic, ^{and productive}. It is always exciting to move from one realm to the other, which means, for example, that I like my ride to school & that I like my ride home from school, that I like leaving Elkdale and that I like returning to Elkdale. The very important factor is that I can choose to leave here in the morning or I can stay here all day alone. That is truly a luxurious state of being. I never ride.

Sunday
October
1984
P.1

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a perfectly beautiful Spring-like morning; temperature in the high 60s or low 70s. Warm Spring-like sun. This morning at 2 P.M. the clocks of America were all turned back one hour.

The Cooperative Social Settlement Society
of the City of New York
Greenwich House
27 Barrow Street
New York, N.Y. 10014
(212) 242-4140



S. ROBERT POWELL
P.O. BOX 161
CARBONDALE, PA.
18407

I sent another card, but I think this is your most recent address. We have some lovely silver including a bite-cut coffee-end TSP from Newport RI. I know you will love it.

10/26-28/84 - the show at Greenwich House; Cecile called me in mid-week to remind me & then sent me the card. I will not be able to attend; telephoned the B.B. on 10/27/84 and left a message for Cecile to that effect. Told her I was giving up my "right of first refusal" on the spoon she has acquired "for me." Three C. 1740-1750 Spoons with the initial "JG" & bird backs

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
**YOUR
BOX RENT OR
CALLER SERVICE
FEE**

**IS DUE BY
LAST DAY OF
THIS MONTH**

BOXES MUST BE CLOSED OR CALLER SERVICE TERMINATED IF RENT OR FEE IS NOT PAID BY DUE DATE

PLEASE DISREGARD THIS NOTICE IF #311 PAYMENT HAS BEEN MADE

USE ZIP CODE 161 - due Notice 32 April 1977

In the early evening on 10/27/84, I paid the following bills:

Telephone - \$18.94

Witisk Excavating - \$4.00

P.P. & L - \$16.24

Medical Insurance - 3 months - \$154.83

P.O. Box Rental - 6 months - \$10.00

American Express - \$15.00

\$219.01